

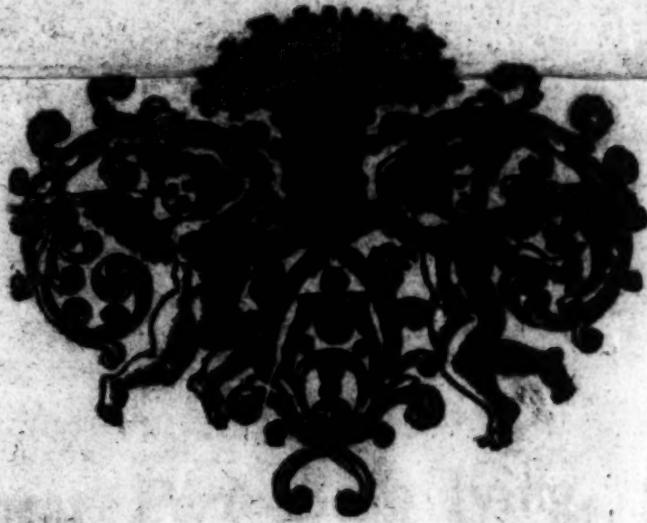
Eng. Poetry vol 30

Admiral *Hosier's*
K —

GHOST.

To the TUNE of,

Come and Listen to my Ditty.



L O N D O N :

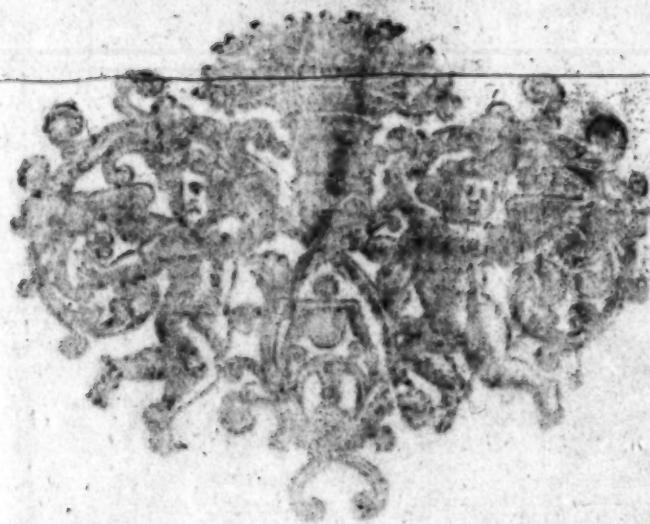
Printed for Mr. Webb, near St. Paul's. 1740.
(Price Six-pence.)

Ambiſſe Holmſe's

GHOST.

To the THREE

Come my Fille to my Dille



19 MAY 1901

Borrowed for Mr. Maynard's Party 1901
Gave to him



Admiral *Hofier's*

G H O S T.

On the other side of the bridge, the road leads to the town of Mirepoix.

With the Misses of Hoxa place

This page binds us to Hitler

Rising from this metal case;

Over the glimmering Waves he paddles

Wheeler (1992) found that the mean age of onset of the first symptom of depression was 14.2 years.

AS, near *Porto-Bello* lying,
On high, the swelling Flood.

A On the gently swelling Flood, At Midnight with Streamers flying.

At Midnight, with Streamers flying,
Our triumphant Navy rode

Our triumphant Navy rode,
There while *Vernon* fate all glorious

From the Spaniards late Defeat.

And his Crew, with Shouts victorious

Drank Success to Englands Fleet.

B On

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II.

On a sudden, shrilly Sounding,
 Hideous Yells and Shrieks were heard ;
 Then, each Heart with Fears confounding,
 A sad Troop of Ghosts appear'd ;
 All in dreary Hammocks shrouded,
 Which for winding Sheets they wore. A
 And with Looks by Sorrow clouded,
 Frowning on that hostile Shore.

T 2 II. H D

On them gleam'd the Moon's wan Lustre,
 When the Shade of *Hofier* brave,
 His Pale Band was seen to muster,
 Rising from their wat'ry Grave :
 O'er the glimmering Wave he hy'd him,
 Where the *Burford* rear'd her Sail,
 With three thousand Ghosts beside him,
 And in Groans did *Vernon* hail. A

“ Heed, oh heed ! my fatal Story,
 “ I am *Hofier*'s injur'd Ghost ;
 “ You who now have purchas'd Glory
 “ At this Place where I was lost ; B
 “ The

[5]

" Tho' in *Porto Bello's* ruin
" You now triumph; free from Fears;
" Yet to hear of my undoing,
" You will mix your Joys with Tears.

" See yon mournful Spectres sweeping,
" Ghastly, o'er this hated Wave,
" Whose wan Checks are Stain'd with Weeping;
" These were *English Captains* brave,
" And these Numbers pale and horrid,
" Were my Sailors once so bold,
" Lo, each hangs his drooping Forehead,
" While his dismal Fate is told.

VI.

" I, by twenty Sail attended,
" Did this *Spanish Town* affright,
" Nothing then its Wealth defended
" But my Orders not to fight;
" Oh that, with my Wrath complying,
" I had cast them in the Main,
" Then, no more unactive lying,
" I had low'red the Pride of Spain.

list now broad winging of "VII. For
HA.

[- 6 -]

“ In the Battle of the River T.”

VII.

“ For resistance I could fear none,”

“ But with twenty Ships had I done,”

“ What thou, brave and happy Vernon,

“ Didst atchieve with Six alone.

“ Then the Bastimento’s never

“ Had our foul Dishonour seen,

“ Nor the Sea the sad Receiver

“ Of these gallant Men had been

“ blood of Ss. & Wm. M.

VIII.

“ Thus, like thee, proud Spain dismayed,

“ And her Galleons leading home,

“ Tho’ condemn’d for disobeying,

“ I had not a Traytors Doom.

“ To have fall’n, my Country Crying,

“ He has play’d an English Part,

“ Had been better far than Dying,

“ Of a grievid & broken Heart.

IX.

“ Unrepining at thy Glory,

“ Thy successful Arms we hail,

“ But remember our sad Story,

“ When to Britain back you fail!

“ All

" All your Country's Foes subduing,
" When your Patriot Friends you see,
" Think on Vengeance for my ruin,
" And for *England* sham'd in me.



F I N I S.



[5]

" All your Country's Foes, impudent

" When your Patriot Friends are free,

" Think on Vendegence for my time,

" And for Everlasting peace in me.



A M A S



